

**caliber**

**COMPOSITION BOOK**

**BRAINSTORMS**

Book 3

SUMMER 2012

**3 Subject**

**Wide Ruled**

**120 Sheets**

**9.75 in x 7.5 in**  
(24.7 x 19 cm)



# Brainstorms: Book 3

Summer 2012

PART TWO

The Philosophical Autobiography of  
Michael William Hentrich

$$\{ \{ \}, \{ \{ \} \} \} \rightarrow \{ \emptyset, \{ \emptyset \} \}$$

"mysterious scribblings"

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## MORE STUDIES IN PESSIMISM

2012 07 12 TH 10:15AM (timestamp)

This could very well be my last diary in Freehold, my hometown. The last volume was filled in about 6 weeks. I have 7 weeks to vacate the apartment before eviction proceedings begin. I upgraded my cell phone specifically to be able to communicate with lawyers and potential landlords. Even as I will most likely be relieved to get out of Downtown Freehold, with all its traffic, all the asshole haters in their giant pickup trucks, all the materialistic career-oriented cunts and pricks judging me as a "loser" when I am perhaps one of the most authentic intellectuals alive today, people will miss me.

When do I come of age and realize who I am?

My day is filled with basic survival tasks: get free bread, eat free meal, get to bank to withdraw \$6.50 of \$6.55 balance. Celebrate having rent/fines/bills paid for the month. Celebrate all the eggs in the fridge.

MA 21:01 HT 51 TO 5105  
Summer Projects (in spite of all the threats of  
epiction, the broken leg, the threats of being  
charged with yet another bogus "felony") :

1. STUDIES IN PESSIMISM (Schopenhauer Revival)
2. GUNS, GERMS, & STEEL (Jared Diamond)
3. PROGRAMMING FOR MATHEMATICIANS

There are texts I want to preserve, ones that  
I will want to store somewhere for \$50 per  
month should I go on the homeless circuit  
for a couple months in Downtown Freehold.

There will be some texts I will even carry with  
me should I do the homeless shuffle so as  
to save money for yet another security deposit.

Wherever I end up, I will be able to find  
my mojo, with or without marijuana, with a  
6 pack of beer and some tobacco, with  
my Dream Catcher, with my notes. Grandma Hester  
was so on point when she spoke about life  
consisting of "chapters", "parts" ... a saga in



# NOTES ON PESSIMISM #001

"If you try to imagine, as nearly as you can, what an amount of misery, pain and suffering of every kind the sun shines upon its <sup>of course,</sup> you would admit that it would be much better if, on the earth as little as on the moon, the sun were able to call forth the phenomena of life; and if, here as there, the surface were still in a crystalline state."

"Again, you may look upon life as an unprofitable episode, disturbing the blessed calm of non-existence. And, in any case, even though things have gone with you tolerably well, the longer you live, the more clearly you will feel that, on the whole, life is a disappointment, nay, a cheat."

As I read slowly through The Pessimist's Handbook again, which I paid \$160 for back in 1991 (to have it printed from microfilm), I realize I can recite Schopenhauer like a great <sup>reciting</sup> CREED.

I absolutely love this intelligence who was named Arthur Schopenhauer!

"I shall be told, I suppose, that my philosophy is comfortless, — because I speak of the truth; and people prefer to be assured that everything the Lord made is good. Go to the priests, then, and leave philosophers in peace!"

"Your University professors are bound to preach optimism; and it is an easy and agreeable task to upset their theories."

Our animal bodies are the material basis for happiness and misery: bodily pleasure and bodily pain. This basis is very restricted: it is simply HEALTH, FOOD, PROTECTION FROM WET AND COLD, THE SATISFACTION OF THE SEXUAL INSTINCT; or else the absence of these things.

The greatest revenge may be when one experiences THE ABSURDITY of existence, then SCORNS the entire world. DETACH!





15 July 2012 Sunday

While I was reading my notes in front of the Hall of Records, a police officer on a bicycle, parked about 20 feet behind me, kind of "hiding" behind a pole (not really hiding at all). He was eavesdropping. Had some goss reported to the cop that I was reading in public? I was also reading my own material - notebook from Sept/Oct 2009 of Federal Way, WA. I felt such bliss.



### NOTES ON PESSIMISM #002

From "Psychological Observations" (I):

If a man desires to be absolutely uncommon, in other words, great, he should never allow his consciousness to be taken possession of and dominated by the movement of his will, however much he may be solicited thereto. For example, he must be able to observe that other people are badly disposed towards him, without feeling any hatred towards them himself. nay, there is no surer sign of a great mind than that it refuses to recognize annoying and insulting expressions, but straightway

ascribes them, as it ascribes countless other mistakes, to the defective knowledge of the speaker, and so merely observes without feeling them. This is the meaning of that remark by Gracian, that nothing is more unworthy of a man than to let it be seen that he is one — el mayor desdoro de un hombre es dar muestras de que es hombre. "

Ø

While I read through the second half of Steppenwolf aloud, thunder & lightning & rain finally came. I was reading about "the immortal" when the storm rolled in. Was it SCHOPENHAUER? HESSE? Am I Doctor Faustus?

I enjoyed re-reading Hesse's Steppenwolf, and I will go over the last pages slowly tomorrow; but I am really drawn to Arthur Schopenhauer again. His insights really do help me!

Note #2 is very personal for me as I endure much of these annoying and insulting expressions...

Before falling to sleep I will continue reading PSYCHOLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS. I'm also enjoying reading my own notes in public — something Schopenhauer did himself.



"Why is it that you white people developed so much cargo and brought it to New Guinea, but we black people had little cargo of our own?" This is Yali's question to Jared Diamond.

This question has the power to change my perspective of my current situation and my entire lifestyle, way of life, and world-view. Spiritually, I am much more "black" or, to put it in another way, much more like tribal hunter-gatherers, than like the culture I am born into. Because of this, it makes sense that I do not attract materialistic women. I do not lust after materialistic women either. Even though I am ~~not~~ openly hostile to organized monotheistic religion (Judeo-Christian tradition, Semitic/Indo-European tradition, Abrahamic theism) I am very much a SPIRITUAL MAN with a rich INNER LIFE. It is this inner life that sustains me.

I will remain open to the possibility that I may be better off, banished from T-B Marcy Street as I have been bombarded by hangers on here from the very start!

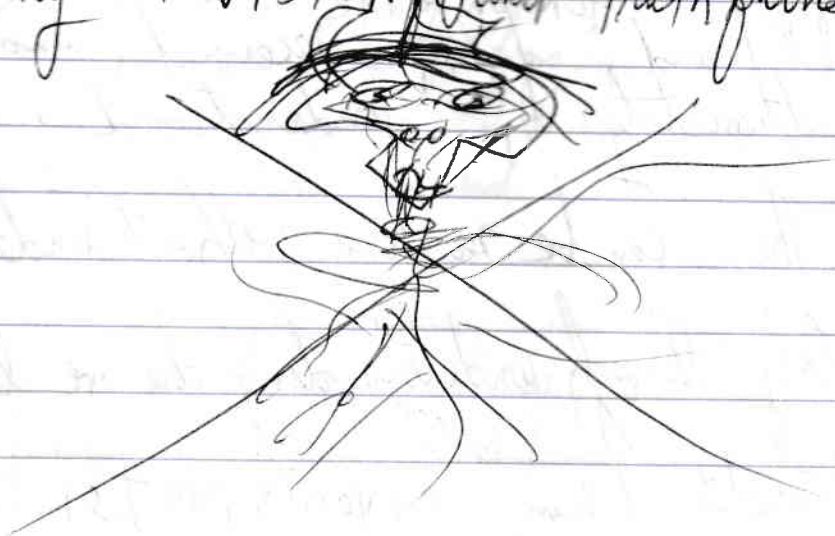
Ø

Scandalous mass conspiracy exposed. Food & Drug Administration - Ruthless criminal organization that uses militaristic force to enforce the commands of their supervisors who are no doubt rewarded substantially for their FUNCTIONING as AGENTS of the "PHARMA-CORPORATE ~~EMPIRE~~" INDUSTRIAL MCMAFIA EMPIRE.

Mall-rat murderers, Incorporated.

Science fiction, class B: THEM

The rich upper-middle class gorts are rewarded for their blindness while I am public enemy number one <sup>and outright corruption</sup> for my VISION and truthfulness,







2012. 07. 22

45

(0800)

"looks of acknowledgement" would be an understatement in accessing the ENERGY-FIELD radiating through time - as me - ~~as~~ as the presence of this very THINGLY PRESENCE, animal body, i.e., "Natural Self" - the Being who traversed CROW Hill, NY State CBA Lincroft, Elizabeth, New Jersey, Yardville Prison for youth at age 19-20; Wharton Tract, Unit 1988 → Wharton state forest - all of which I have salvaged records of. It helps to have kept track.

And that's just up to my 1989 release, age 22 Jiffy, Luke MONKEY WRENCH SLAVE days before I was to land seasonal position as Supervisor of Clean Communities ANTI-LITTER PROGRAM two days after getting my driver's license restored in the Spring of '89.

By winter, December/January 1990, I was hired full-time permanent MAINTENANCE WORKER at Cheesequake in Oldbridge.

Moved from sister's Dutch Lane Road to mother's basement on Stokes Street. Commuted to Matamoras daily, content to have access to kitchen facilities at Cheesequake. Great bonds formed with crew. I expressed myself honestly and made emotional impact. By 1992 transferred to Monmouth Battlefield in

Manalapan / Freehold Township. By Halloween I was  
residing in "The Historic Tark House" right next  
to the Maintenance Shop aka  
**CENTRAL SUPPLY.**

together Sherry Nevulis & I would cohabitate there  
from 1992 to 1995. I dwelled there alone  
for another 2 years, vacating early in 1998  
after being removed from my position due  
to being charged with **ELUDING**  
**THE POLICE.** Back to Mother's Basement  
on Stokes Street, but, with unemployment and  
Division of Vocational Rehabilitation — the  
left hand of the same government  
that **CRUCIFIED** me — paying for my  
education, from Brookdale — the county  
college of Monmouth — through Rutgers  
University in New Brunswick.

These were great years for me, even when  
living in attic of Margaret's house  
in Highland Park. Especially  
those years, when I was deeply  
engrossed in higher mathematics and  
computer **ARCHITECTURE.** I was  
stimulated and challenged. I was able to  
face the challenge and **EXCEL !!!**



It is precisely when I reach a point where I observe my actions, like now when I ask myself, "What is it you WISH to do next?" that I experience a sensation many conditioned drones and gorts never allow themselves to experience:  
The Absurd.

It matters whether I go out there to clean toilets and get drunk or whether I do some research & contemplation, go to library, and gather some food.

It matters. Why? Because ATTENTION is everything. What does it mean to follow one's bliss? There must be an INNER VOICE, an INNER FORCE, that! That is what Schopenhauer calls THE WILL that is what Black Elk calls THE SPIRIT THAT MOVES IN ALL THINGS ...

... as an original thinker, as a Being from the Void destined to return to the Void, what do I call this INVISIBLE INTELLIGENCE WHICH WHISPERS TO ME?

Most people would call it "THE SOUL" or "THE HEART". My interest in cognitive science or neuroscience is motivated by a genuine desire to see things as they really are, to experience fully the wonder and mystery (and terror) of Being alive while still alive.

Wasn't Edmund Husserl creating a SCIENCE OF THE MIND with Phenomenology? Since my interests are so obscure, I can expect to be ~~alone~~ mentally isolated.

My greatest treasure is my inner life.

When someone asks me what I am "doing today", and I haven't decided yet myself, I just return to my notebook and scribble away. It is what I it is. Perhaps I will use my imagination ~~and~~ to imagine myself a mysterious observer from a parallel universe!

I am 100% ANIMAL. My "brain" is my soul. This is the motivation for the chapter title: to motivate "me" to allow this CREATURE to be itself, ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> discover my Natural Self.



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Ø

My diary itself is a literary experiment. There are clues all around me, not just in texts. I "interact" with texts. Do I prefer books over other "men"? Well, if it is all about ATTENTION and what we end up focusing our attention on, then our ATTENTION (our "time & space") becomes our most VALUABLE possession.

Just as it was for me as a teenager, it is the same now. I seek a deeper awareness. I really do live the life of a scholar who is obsessed with his inner life.

I have taken my mind back and now have something of great value to defend: MY MIND, MY DEEPER AWARENESS.

Two important ingredients in attaining a deeper awareness of NATURE are Imagination and ~~ability~~ intuition.

IMAGINATION is nothing more than the ability to form mental pictures.



Imagination enables us to perceive deeper realities.  
Imagination is more important than knowledge.

The world-as-representation, the entire objective world - "the real world," is the phenomenal world of lived experience. This is a very complicated physiological occurrence in an animal's brain, whose result is the consciousness of a picture or image at that very spot.

It seems important to go back over previous notebooks so as to grasp how, why I focus on NOW is connected to what I was focusing on THEN.

The world-as-it-is-perceived depends entirely upon the individual creature's sensory apparatus and perceptions. One's understanding of so-called "reality" is limited by their IMAGINATION!

We all do not perceive the world the same. It is possible to live in a society and yet be a member of its VOID. My notebooks document the psychology of the lone wolf.

Source: Schopenhauer  
note from: 2009. Autumn p. 4  
My Truth: Book 3

If my interests place me in my own orbit,  
so be it. I feel no malice or  
ill-will towards those who choose to enter  
into "my life" when it becomes all-too-  
clear that I am being my Natural Self  
when sitting in deep contemplation.

There is no need to express everything I  
am contemplating to others. I cannot  
install this longing for mental liberation  
in others. As it is, I keep slipping  
into the Abyss, dozing off.

So, while I may have a desire to dive  
into Jared Diamond's "short history of  
everything about everybody", after walking with  
crutches to and from the meal  
at St. Peter's, after going over a few  
pages from my 2009 notes,  
I may lay down on the floor and  
nap. This is the UNKNOWN  
that which I have no CONTROL  
over. I could even motivate myself to  
clean restrooms for \$10. In that case, I  
would also require the wheelchair.



Do I feel ashamed that my mother has to ask her brother, my uncle Tom Weber, for a couple thousand dollars to put down on her car? If I were a servile and obedient go-getter, I might have resources; but, alas, I am not, so I don't.

After meeting with Mom, I rolled up to Henderson's to clean restrooms with wheel chair, not crutches. With the \$10 earned plus 20¢ I got a full pint of E&J Brandy (\$7.40) and 2 24 ounce cans of Naddy Daddy (\$2.50).

I poured ~~the~~ some brandy into a glass of ice well over 15 minutes ago and have yet to take one sip. I have no desire to sing or even to hear any music.

Is this not a phenomenological experiment? Am I not engaged in introspection and self-observation? The Creature takes a sip of brandy. It never made it to the library. I suppose I am finally pretty much finished with trying to reach out via my website. I have no desire to publish a book either.

My experiment this evening will <sup>be</sup> to see how much literary, scholarly "work" I can enjoy while sipping brandy and drinking strong beer. I may just hole up indoors so that I can engage in my "studies" without having to put up with interruptions, annoying and insulting expressions on observers' faces, and surveillance in general.

Like the Steppenwolf, I hole up in my room drinking watered down alcohol, writing, ~~reading~~, thinking. This enables me to take my shoe off, I take the "air boat" off, and let my feet breathe. I can sit around in my underpants and just BE MYSELF without shame or justification. What better use of one's energy than to contemplate upon what one has previously contemplated?

How to say Guns, Germs, & Steel in Spanish?

gun → el arma, los armas

germ → el germen, los gérmenes

steel → el acero

LOS ARMAS, LOS GÉRMEÑES, Y EL ACERO



Ø

Tonight I will cook the 5 pounds of salmon purchased earlier this month. I have some yellow rice already cooked which I will heat up and eat with one of the salmon steaks. I can preserve the other steak and cook fresh rice tomorrow. By Wednesday I may cook spaghetti sauce with Mexican sausages.

Such is my life. Any chicanas who witness the way I live can see I am a fiercely independent man who cooks for himself, does his own grocery shopping, is a "ward of the state" with social security and rental assistance, gets along with the Old Black Elders, loves loud music, is a heavy drinker, and is not trying to get a car or become a "successful businessman."

If that's what it takes to have a mate and reproduce, then I am preparing myself to seek out of existence and return to the ABYSS. In the meantime, with fish & yellow rice in belly, sipping on beer, I am not in the mood for music or singing. I am up to Part II of IV in June, June, & Steel, going over notes from Autumn 2009.

I am focused on "deepening my awareness."  
 My notes from 2009 remind me that the Earth  
 is the forgotten basis of all our awareness.  
 Merleau-Ponty rejected Husserl's notion of a  
 self-subsistent, disembodied, transcendental ego.

He begins by identifying the subject - ~~the~~  
 experiencing self - I with the bodily organism,  
 the I living animal body in the flesh.

Since this ANIMAL BODY ITSELF is the very  
 subject of awareness, all hope is demolished  
 that philosophy might eventually provide a  
 complete picture of reality.

Ø

I wonder why the Puerto Rican family next door  
 likes to sit out in their yard staring in my  
 window as if to intimidate me. Let them  
 watch me cook and devour fish & rice. Let  
 them watch me write. Let them hate me  
 for refusing to be a slave in a factory or  
 an office!

Ø

Farm H<sub>105</sub>: Phenomenology can help me become  
 interested and curious, to establish a more  
 PRIMITIVE CONTACT WITH REALITY.



Ø

What people refer to as "the soul" is immediately linked to the brain, and to it alone.

Our animal body is the instrument of our grasp on the world.

Ø

On page 66 of *My Truth: Book 3* (what I call 2009 AUTUMN), there is a clue as to why I am ~~the~~ experiencing all these erotic fantasies, attractions, romantic projections that haunt me — these exist in order to force me to understand that there is something very deep there that needs my attention. I

So, I have no choice but to pay attention to ~~the~~ erotic fantasies, attractions, and romantic projections that absolutely HAUNT ME.

© 24 July 2012 Tuesday

The lawyer, Jay, suggests I contact Manning & Manning right here in Freehold concerning my broken leg and the police detective who is trying to indict me.

I awaken before 0700 with mixed feelings.



75

25 July 2012 Wednesday

(0100)

I must have passed out after drinking a  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of Vodka. I managed to grab by asking people for change. I woke up dehydrated with boot & air boot on at a little before midnight. I did not succumb to anxiety or despair, but simply filled the tub with warm water, smoked a hand-rolled cigarette, and fell into the water (after guzzling ice water).

After the bath I drank 2 cups of hot tea. Now I am EMBRACING INSOMNIA rather than fearing it, rather than becoming "overwhelmed". I like that bastard, "xog" \* I used to say, "feel underwhelmed rather than overwhelmed".



Here I am "in" Book 3 of the series BRAINSTORMS, and I am now "going through" Book 3 of MY TRUTH, a series written in 2009 I back in Federal Way, Washington. At that time I was struggling with the idea of me attempting to write a novel for mass-consumption (in order to have MONEY for living expenses and to care for aging mother).

My theory:


\* xog was sent into whywork.org & my forum ~~AS~~ a PSYOP.



From the shelf, I pull 2 of the 5 Cioran texts  
his first published work, On the Heights of Despair  
and The Temptation to Exist which contains  
the essay, "Beyond the Novel".

Cioran gives me a clue in the essay "Dealing With  
The Mystics", first paragraph.

"Nothing is more irritating than those works  
which I 'coordinate' the luxuriant  
products of a mind that has focused  
on just about everything except a  
system. → What is the use of  
giving so-called coherence to Nietzsche's  
ideas, for example, on the pretext  
that they revolve around a central  
motif? Nietzsche is a sum of attitudes  
and it only diminishes him to comb  
his work for a will to order, a  
thirst for unity. A capture of his  
moods, he has recorded their  
variations. His philosophy, a meditation  
on his whims, is mistakenly  
searched by the scholars for the constant  
it rejects."



The point is that, of ~~any~~ the great minds, from Arthur Schopenhauer to Friedrich Nietzsche to Hermann Hesse, it is Emile M. Cioran who sets me free from this "will to order". → Even Kurt Vonnegut has used his novels as a pretext to say just about any crazy thing he wanted to come out with.

In the essay, "Beyond the Novel", Cioran starts off with, "There was a time when the artist mobilized all his defects to produce a work which concealed himself; the notion of exposing his life to the public probably never occurred to him. We do not imagine Dante or Shakespeare keeping track of the trifling incidents of their lives in order to bring them to other people's attention. Perhaps, they even preferred giving a false image of what they were."

"Cut off from one more channel of escape, up against ourselves at last, we are in a better position to inquire as to our functions and our limits, the futility of having a life, of becoming a character or of creating one. The novel?"



the point furthest from our origins, an artifice to disguise our real problems, a screen between our primordial realities and our psychological ~~functions~~ fictions." (10 AM)

I will add another book to my "Summer Reading List" and "Books I will bring with me to Tampa, Florida in September": Cioran's first book, On the Heights of Despair.

Jared Diamond's Guns, Germs, & Steel may be great reading in the daytime, but in the middle of the night when I am "insomniacal," only Cioran cuts the mustard for me - or my own scribbling. I'm not sure which of those I'll bring, most likely just the Brainstorming series. This will be a long series, perhaps the last series of my mojo manuals before I die.

Now I will return to reflecting while going over what I wrote in Autumn 2009 in "My Truth: Book 3." It is now 2:40 AM. I have been awake nearly 3 hours. Maybe I can sleep a few hours before sunrise. Maybe I will DREAM...

a great definition of ETHICS:

Ethics is the continual questioning from below of any attempt to impose order from above.

About Toole's fictional character, Ignatius Reilly of his A Confederacy of Dunces: "His presence guaranteed disaster, yet no one emerged unchanged from an encounter with him."

Kurt Vonnegut Jr was concerned mainly with

- (1) The HORRORS of modern war
- (2) How phony most people are

"I have gort-busted the gort busters for I am Gorticide aka Sticks & Bones"  
~ Mike Mentuck

© 26 July 2012 Thursday

(0430 hrs)

I wake up around 3:30 AM from strange dreams where I am drinking Leke and smoking pin joints. I am near the ocean in the dream. I try to fall back to sleep, resting for an hour before rising. Odd how my sister, Father, and I all rise so EARLY.



Here's a note from late November, 2009, when I was out West, that really puts things into perspective in a way Schopenhauer's philosophy does: "Zapffe believed that the only escape from our (human) predicament would be to discontinue the human species."

And were one to challenge this, the reply would be: "Though extinction by agreement is not a likely scenario, that is no more than an empirical fact of public opinion; in principle, all it would require is a global consensus to reproduce below replacement rates, and in a few generations, the species would dwindle to nothing."

Ø  
Kant (1724-1804)

Hegel (1770-1831)

Schopenhauer (1788-1860)

Brentano (1838-1917)

Nietzsche (1844- )

Husserl (1859-1938)

Heidegger (1889-1976)

Heidegger (1967- ? )

The confessional mood becomes a philosophical meditation: philosophy in the flesh!

ORGANIC PHILOSOPHY?

ORGANIC PHENOMENOLOGY OF DESPAIR?

I really find "positive thinking" to be an insult.  
Why can't more people be honest and authentic?  
Do most people lie to themselves about the predicament we are in?

Ø

In this extreme heat, it is difficult for me to pretend not to be miserable. This may be why I choose to isolate. If I am embracing the true nature of this nightmare existence and I am surrounded by air-conditioned gorts in gort mobiles, ~~then can~~ what am I to do? I witness stupidity and mediocrity all around me. I want the look on my face to speak.

Ø

The thunderclouds speak! Suddenly, while sitting calmly smoking a cigarette speaking to young Eric and his buddy about what an intelligent & more suicide is, dark clouds moved in rapidly.



I have very few possessions. Cioran, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Husserl, Merleau-Ponty — these philosophers I return to over and over again. Even this very evening I get a thrill to be in THE MOOD TO re-read Cioran's On the Heights of Despair.

Anyway, I hopped home through raging storms, getting wet, but feeling one with it. By the time I got in, I was ready for strong instant coffee and my MEMOIRS. I hit this one of the main obstacles to me abandoning civilization? WRITING? LITERATURE?

What a contradiction!

Without "civilization", there are no notebooks or ink pens, no electric light, no books, no literature, no Rock n' Roll stars. Who am I trying to reach when I write? It is all I just THERAPY for me.

Cioran: "Writing is for me a form of therapy, nothing more."

I see my website as a form of therapy also. Writing as CURE

Why must writing address an audience? Am I not just as much Dostoyevsky's man from underground? My writing is a substitute for suicide and its cure.

### paroxysm

1. any sudden, violent outburst; a fit of violent action or emotion: paroxysms of rage

Isn't this what I experienced when frustrated with how little my mother cared about how much I value my ~~material~~ diaries & few books I actually own?

My records are all I am attached to. Some books. Clothes and blankets I can replace. The handful of philosophy books are my bibles. The diaries cannot be replaced.

And yet, the powerful rains would devour them! The bugs, the dirt, the earth will swallow them up. Their VALUE is projected from me.

Might I discover a way to cure myself of suicidal despair that doesn't consist of amassing truckloads of notebooks? I have become the monk, albeit the rebel monk, who I envisioned I would become when I was a teen.



Ø

I am a writer. Writer's write. I am a poet, philosopher, singer, drummer. I am all these. And, yes, I am a solitary hermit who often befriends downtrodden alcoholic rebellious souls. The bonds I have made with people outside "mainstream white middle-class society" have helped strengthen my confidence in my way of thinking. I have been validated as an original thinker by elder Black males.

In living with so few possessions, haven't I naturally established a more primitive contact with reality? Haven't I, by not striving to collect material possessions, toys, cars, property, etc. proved to be the real deal as far as LIVING A SPIRITUAL LIFE goes? Our fucked up consumerist culture would have me believe I LACK success, but as my own mother must realize, my disdain for status-symbols is most likely living proof of my rich inner life! I allow myself to be attached to my "records". I am the most honest and authentic Presence of Mind I know.

## FUTILITY AND THE IRRATIONALITY OF EXISTENCE

Ø

I am no stranger to myself or to reality. I have asserted that there are too many goats in this world, and that a goat is basically a stranger to itself and a stranger to reality.

I have no false modesty; in fact, I am in awe with my wonderful self. I have witnessed my rare "gifts" as far as my higher mental faculties are concerned. I have also witnessed my compassion and empathy. I have no fear of being rejected by phonies. Yes, I have lived courageously!

Just the fact that I do not own a TV or DVD player - or even a computer, but instead prefer to scribble away in solitude engaged in focusing my attention upon the contents of my own mind, my own "feelings" is proof enough for me that I have transcended the corporate <sup>MIND</sup> FUCK.



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## FRILITY AND THE IRRATIONALITY OF EXISTENCE

Is all my writing frility? Is my energy wasted on the Internet? I am not so sure. I do exist as a cultural entity. The few minds/hearts I have reached may have experienced some kind of "break through" just by beholding the complexity of reality...

I doze off reading Cioran the insomniac - most likely, exhausted by the heat. It is like a sauna in here, this domicile that I think I won't miss, but most likely will. The dreams I had involved my mother, sister, and I. We are cooking fish. I am drinking beer. My sister shuts refrigerator door, ~~smashing~~ which cause 2 Nylon Ics to break + glass coffee pot breaks. I become upset like an infant.

It is easy for me to understand the suffering infant - the torment, the anguish, the utter displeasure and misery. How angry with their mothers they become!

The frustration! The stress! Oh life, it can't be this horrid - and yet! There it is in the child's fury as well as our own, paroxysms. Is everyone I have encountered in there with me, where we go when we sleep? Are we all each so utterly alone? And why should I be spared the agony? This is organic.

The fascists are more than ready for an all out insurrection. They look forward to it so, that ~~we might~~ they may have the opportunity to abuse & us, to overpower us with militaristic brutality!

With Gamyatin, I must admit that I am afraid. No wonder I want to just hide. There are so many damaged, angry, violent human creatures out there.

I feel I am on the verge of a major transfiguration. I think that meeting with Rich Bone tomorrow may restore & some faith IN humanity. Still, I can't escape from the pain of too much tenderness. Is there any meaning to our ANGUISH?





27 July 2012 Friday

(0500hrs)

morning news: New York City Police are being investigated by the international community for their violation of international law for their treatment of the protestors in the Occupy Wall Street movement. Meanwhile in Anaheim, California (home of "Happyland" Disneyland) the Latino community is literally at war with the police for their treatment of them. I wonder when I will seek legal assistance from Manning & Manning to counter-sue the police for causing me to break my leg. I am waiting for the so-called criminal charges to be processed by the Superior Court.

I have this premonition that I underestimate the bond I have with established with my childhood friend ~~to~~ Rich Bore. When we were 8 or 9 years old we would make-believe we were Harsky & Hutch - who played detectives on TV. By the time we were 12 or so, he said his younger brothers were already a rock band in their own right. They were into KISS while I was into Queen. Rich sees clearly that Queen was the more authentic "band".



111

31 July 2012 Tuesday

I still can't walk. By August 5<sup>th</sup>, it will have been only 2 months since I broke my leg. I was told I would be on crutches for 3 to 6 months. So, why would I be frustrated over not being able to walk yet?

- (1) Pressure from landlord to vacate else face eviction process. (2) Continued confrontations with neighbor who has repeatedly become hostile, threatening to call police ...

Still, if Rich Bove wants to travel out to California at this time, and my leg is still giving me trouble, then maybe I ought not be so quick to vacate at the end of August.

I will still want to store journals and books at my mom's. I don't know where I will store winter clothes, blankets, and stereo.

I get a knot in my stomach when I consider my situation: homeless, in a wheelchair if I agree to vacate but have nowhere to go.

Why do I bother saving the handful of Computer Science text books? I





Ø

While going through books I might discard upon leaving Freehold, I went through a collection of essays by Bertrand Russell (In Praise of Idleness) - specifically an essay called "The Ancestry of Fascism".

In this essay, Russell mentions Fichte; this is another philosopher Arthur Schopenhauer scorned. I can see why!

Fichte said, "The universe is myself."  
Heine said, "In comparison with our Germans, you French are tame and moderate."  
Fichte says that when he says "I", he means "God". Fichte also said, "that there must be a new kind of education which ~~must consist~~ will mould the Germans into a corporate body."

The new education, Fichte says, "must consist essentially in this, that it completely destroys freedom of the will." He added that WILL  "is the very root of man." 

I wish I could study this stuff outdoors, but the rain is unpredictable. If I can't get a free beer, I'll return to study "The Ancestry of Fascism".

## DAVID HUME REVISITED

© 2 August 2012 Thursday

In the midst of the building tensions between <sup>myself</sup> and next door neighbor on the other side of the wall, a broken leg healing very slowly with the demand for me to vacate the premises on Marcy Street by the end of the month, and the police detective who caused me to break this leg by chasing me through traffic on Marcy Street attempting to indict me, I continue to be a scholar.

While I am determined to study Jared Diamond's assessment of the forces responsible for there being HAVES and HAVE-NOTS in his GUNS, GERMS, & STEEL, I once again am going to pause in order to focus my attention on genuinely philosophical concerns and real politics.

I trust Schopenhauer's probity, and so I turn to volume 2 of his The World As Will & Representation for insights into David Hume.



Schopenhauer p. 338

<<< instead of thinking and learning to understand nature, they at once break out into a childish cry of "Design! Design!" They <sup>then</sup> strike up their refrain of their old women's philosophy, and stop their ears against all rational arguments such as the great Hume advanced against them. >>>

footnote: Schopenhauer says that David Hume is hated by the English clergy to this day.

\* After a bread-run and some coffee, a van is to pick me up momentarily for physical therapy. I am determined to carry on my philosophical Chatouqua / INQUIRY upon my return.



Ø

I am Doctor Faustus and Christopher Marlowe -  
in the sense that my Presence is the dark  
shadowy side of existence. My very  
own mind has traversed the high-  
country! I peer on the gods from a  
very & considerable height!

Since I have been "scribbling" for eternity  
it certainly is no surprise to ME - I  
IN-THE-FLESH that I have developed a  
LITERARY VOICE.

Ø  
A note from Nell Painter's THE  
History of White  
People : p 31

☞☞

German-speakers who entered Roman ~~territory~~ society  
however, often as mercenary soldiers, adopted  
Roman usage and called themselves  
Germani just as Native Americans within  
the United States have found reason to evoke  
a unifying identity as Indians.  
Beyond Roman reach, the various German-  
speaking tribes east of the Rhine



considered themselves distinct one from another, sharing no sense of common identity or common interest until several centuries after the collapse of the empire.

footnote: The German tribes continued to move, war, merge, even disappear, and to split up politically, until unification under Prussia in 1870.

German defeat after the First World War reduced territory acquired at the expense of France and Poland in the 19th century. After defeat in 1945, Germany was partitioned and, in 1949, became two separate states, one in the east (the German Democratic Republic) and one in the west (the Federal Republic of Germany). After the fall of the Democratic Republic, Germany reunified in 1990. >>>

It must be after 4 AM by now. I have been up all night eating ground beef that was about to go bad, storing books away, and looking for weed I think I lost.

## Details of Crime Report

case # 12-8669 (also complaint #)

NJS 2C:33-2a(1) Disorderly Conduct

2C:29-2.1(2) Resisting arrest (FLIGHT)

Councilman

FBPD

Person reporting crime Kevin Kane / Detective Otłóski

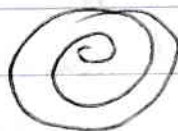
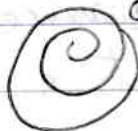
06/05/2012 11:24

method of operation

"Accused is disorderly on a public roadway and then flees on foot after being advised he is under arrest."

date of report: 6/7/2012 (2 days after incident)

The narrative is interesting. I'll take notes eventually.



13 August 2012 Monday

I am sensing much hostility coming from the neighbor whose son it is, a Freehold Borough cop. I am tired of the way I am perceived in Freehold. I guess I have become bitter, ~~over the way I am~~



I really don't want to become overwhelmed  
when I become homeless September 1st.  
Will I sleep in a tent Friday night,  
July 31st?

Maybe I'll be able to find a place  
to live near my mom in the Brick  
area. Downtown Freehold Borough is most  
likely TROUBLE for me. ~~for you~~ Now I  
do feel a little like Antonin Artaud.  
Is society suiciding me?

Am I experiencing the tyranny of public  
opinion? Am I prepared for death?  
Will I experience suicidal ideations when  
I am without a home?

My nephew may be one of the few people  
who truly understands what I am about  
to experience. ~~with~~ I will be  
hiding out in the woods and fields.  
I want to pay attention to what I am  
feeling. I wonder if my brother-in-law will  
help me store some books & clothes  
in the yard on Schlarff.

12 Saturday

at but  
streets of  
to behave

me and

Superior  
a pre-  
ing arrest,  
by bogus  
Friedrichs  
1 PM.

he beginning  
! I

TR has most definitely redeemed himself. He has been showing me by his actions that he appreciates the bond we have formed, feeding me cantelope, beef, and all!

My mother got rid of her beloved Volkswagen Beetle so as to save money - She now drives a 2008 Toyota Yaris...  
HATCHBACK.

My nephew tells me he and Robin are trying to move to ECUADOR in October to purchase land for a "healing community."

Although my neighbor and I are getting along okay, I still sense that he has played a crucial role in tucking me over.

Almost lost my mind over "thinking" I had lost my phone. Deep breaths.



All these "situations" are bound to cause me stress, tension, and anxiety: broken leg, threat of eviction, causing me to vacate apartment, threat of indictment and/or more fines, uncertainty of where I will live in September, let alone October.

### How to relieve this stress?

I can reflect upon my current situation: doors can't be secured; window left open; daily cycle of being at odds with neighbors and "clientel" on Main Street; cleaning toilets at Hendersons is kind of degrading anyway; being under constant surveillance by local politicians, agents of the State, etc. as well, as the severe hostility I display toward motorists can only lead to some kind of disastrous confrontation.

Will I be better off living in a tent in the woods and fields of my childhood stomping grounds than as a tenant at 7 Marcy Street?

Ø  
One thing is quite clear to me. Compared to David Hume and Arthur Schopenhauer, I am a SINNING PHILOSOPHER. Both Hume and Schopenhauer were of aristocratic families, whereas I, like Emile Cioran, have become quite close to these dissidents and deviants who are generally marginalized: disenfranchised serfs.

My actual life is more like the anti-heroes of the film Henry Fool and the novels A Confederacy of Dunces by Tootle and A Fracture of the Whole by Toltz, specifically Ignatius Reilly and Martin Dean, respectively.

Note: Am I losing interest in drinking coffee so as to be less anxious in a state of homelessness? I'll be forced to buy coffee hot one cup a day.

I truly intend to view the exodus from 7-B & Marcy Street as a liberating experience, although vagrancy will most likely make me a "suspicious character".



Maybe sleeping in a tent ~~hidden~~ in woods on the outskirts of town will not only liberate me from being responsible for all the "hangerson," but, it may even allow me to enjoy my higher mental faculties in the solitude of nature, away from town and all the traffic.

I can sleep during the day, prowl the woods at night. I'll come into town to use the library, to gather small amounts of food, and to converse. I may carry a large bottle of E & J brandy out to my hide-out in the woods to save trips into town.

My daily life might be observed by the social fabric in a manner of The Scarlet Letter, where my refusal to conform to the rules of the dominant society ~~with~~ has made me some kind of legend.

My exile from mainstream America has been voluntary. In no way do I want to ~~the~~ participate in this society other than as a free thinking dead-beat free spirit - a bohemian, an alienated tortured artist, a theoretician of rebellion.



20 August 2012 Monday

Note: Things To Get ~~Next~~ September 3rd

flashlight, light strap for head so as to  
be able to write & read in tent at night,  
a good cane, get head shaved bald (ticks)

When I can remove boot, get sneakers



So-called insomnia can be pleasant if I use  
this so-called "dark night of the soul" for  
what David Hume calls profound  
philosophy. Rather than feeling  
powerless or overwhelmed with ANXIETY,

I can tap into my rich inner life  
which, by now, has become emotionally  
mature and ~~complex~~ profound.

In the last two paragraphs of SECTION I  
in ~~chapter 1~~ of Hume's An Inquiry Concerning  
Human Understanding, "Of the Different  
Species of Philosophy," this honest thinker writes

\* Originally published in 1748  
HUME (1711-1776)



"What though these reasonings concerning human nature seem abstract and of difficult comprehension, this affords no presumption of their falsehood. On the contrary, it seems impossible that what has hitherto escaped so many wise and profound philosophers can be very obvious and easy. And whatever pains these researches may cost us, we may think ourselves sufficiently rewarded, not only in point of profit but of pleasure, if, by that means, we can make any addition to our stock of knowledge in subjects of such unspeakable importance."

"But as, after all, the abstractness of these speculations is no recommendation, but rather a disadvantage, to them, and as this difficulty may perhaps be surmounted by care and art, and the avoiding of all unnecessary detail, we have, in the following Inquiry, attempted to throw some light upon subjects from which

uncertainty has hitherto deterred the wise,  
and obscurity the ignorant. Happy  
if we can unite the boundaries of the  
different species of philosophy, by  
reconciling profound inquiry with  
clearness of, and truth, with novelty!  
And still more happy, if, reasoning in  
this easy manner, we can undermine  
the foundations of an abstruse philosophy  
which seems to have hitherto served  
only as a shelter to superstition and a  
cover to absurdity and error!"

\* abstruse = ~~different~~ hard to understand  
= secret or hidden

David Hume was a bold and courageous free thinker.

Maybe by shaving my dome bald on September  
3<sup>rd</sup> I will be able to summon the  
mood of Kung Fu in grasshopper mode,  
prepared for 60 days in woods &  
fields of my childhood memories.  
This could be a spiritually fulfilling experience.





I am considering the possibility that the reason nobody posts on my website is because very few people are capable of understanding me. Why not just give up on "reaching out"? Perhaps I am mocked as a "raving madman".

I may be sinking into a dark place in the inner recesses of my being. When I suggested I stay with my mother a few days after I vacated this place, she coldly refused. She will be dropping off some instant coffee, milk, & corn-on-the-cob... Next Monday we will transport notebooks (journals = diaries) to be stored at her house until I find a place to live. It may take a couple months. I'm shooting for November.

Now I am concentrating on not becoming overwhelmed. I think that if I begin throwing away nonessential stuff, in this cockroach infested apartment, I may start to view my ~~leaving~~ leaving here as a liberation.

Maybe I will contact Mercy Housing tomorrow. Maybe a Mexican will welcome me into their home... When will I set up tent? After I go to Superior Court Thursday.

## DOWN &amp; OUT &amp; CRIPPLED IN HOOVERVILLE

2012

Today was a major breakthrough day, as far as honoring the request of my landlord ~~for~~ for me to VACATE the apartment at 7 Marcy Street, Downtown Freehold.

Not only have I come to understand that Brother TR has genuine love and respect for me by the way we all interact in these "last days," but other significant events also went down today, one after the other. I am quite tired.

My brother-in-law, Joe, picked up my suitcase filled with precious books (Schopenhauer, Cicero, Nietzsche, and others) as well as a couple milk crates of heavy computer science texts. It was not much, but I already have three trunks filled with my memoirs stored up in the attic of a church. When I finally get to my next residence, after a couple months at Tent City in Lakewood, we will transport my books & diaries to the UNIT.



2105

I also informed Sportscare Physical Therapy that today would be my last day there as I had much to take care of this week in preparation to vacate my present residence. Since I will be dwelling in Tent City Lakewood while saving a security deposit, I won't be wanting to travel to PHYSICAL THERAPY, not even in Lakewood.

I don't want any "schedules." I told them this exactly: I want to be free of all schedules and appointments. I want to be OFF THE RADAR.

Right after therapy (during which there was a great thunderstorm with flooding) my mother pulled up in her Toyota of Yaris (2009) hatchback. She returned her VW Beetle to the dealer. I loaded a suitcase full of my "notebooks," my MYSTERIOUS SCRIBBLINGS, into her vehicle and ~~loaded~~ stored them in her house at Leisure Village.

! ??? WHY WAR ??? !

155

A loose band of free-thinking anti-imperialist outcasts who aim to OVERTHROW THE SYSTEM perpetuated by multinational industrialists and those who function as ~~[THEIR]~~ agents and representatives of [their] corporate State (empire?)  
We don't tolerate lies!

The only Kitchen supplies I will carry are 2 good can-openers, cast iron pan - small, one small wooden bowl to also be used as cup, i.e., coffee & tea & all that chickery shit: bullion cubes, match sticks (ALL), 2 small aluminium bowls, large spoons, small spoons, peeling knives, spatula, xlarge spoon.

I will purchase flashlight & batteries Friday. Shaving head will not only make hygiene easier but will also be a symbolic gesture marking a major TRANSITION. <sup>This</sup> coincides with →



Going <sup>into</sup> primitive mode. Living in a tent among a community of tent & shanty dwellers will be a living protest against the corrupt politics of this military industrial complex of jails, churches, schools, factories, banks, Automobile traffic insanity.

While in the woods, the woods be thin, right on the edge of Hassidic village where the local business men have disdain for those who dwell in the encampment.

Will my rhetoric cause alarm?  
Do I intend to merely survive in the encampment or do I intend to heal both physically and emotionally?

Having few possessions is ironically very liberating. This sense of lack, this sense of impoverishment is manufactured by the advertising industry. It is a massive corporate mind fuck which fills the populations with a sense of failure. There is nothing wrong with NOT HAVING CARGO!



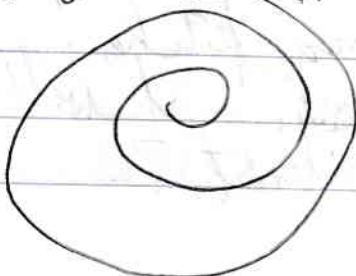
161

30 August 2012 Thursday

I hate to write this: I shaved my beard.  
The Shadow has IT's own intelligence  
which operates beyond my conscious control.  
"It" KNOWS what "it" is doing.  
IT wants to NOT be suspicious-looking.  
I can't win. I'm still conspicuous,  
even more so with a bald head!

I had to get rid of the hair because I  
won't have access to baths, mirrors, or sinks.  
This is ~~not~~ <sup>neither</sup> a fashion statement, nor a  
political act. This is purely hygiene-  
related. I will be in a concentrated  
area in a ~~concentrated~~ diverse community.  
I will want to be as clean as possible -  
clean in the sense of no parasites.

That's why I will live in my  
finely meshed ONE-MAN-TENT.

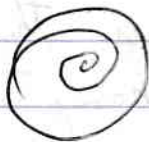




Ø

165

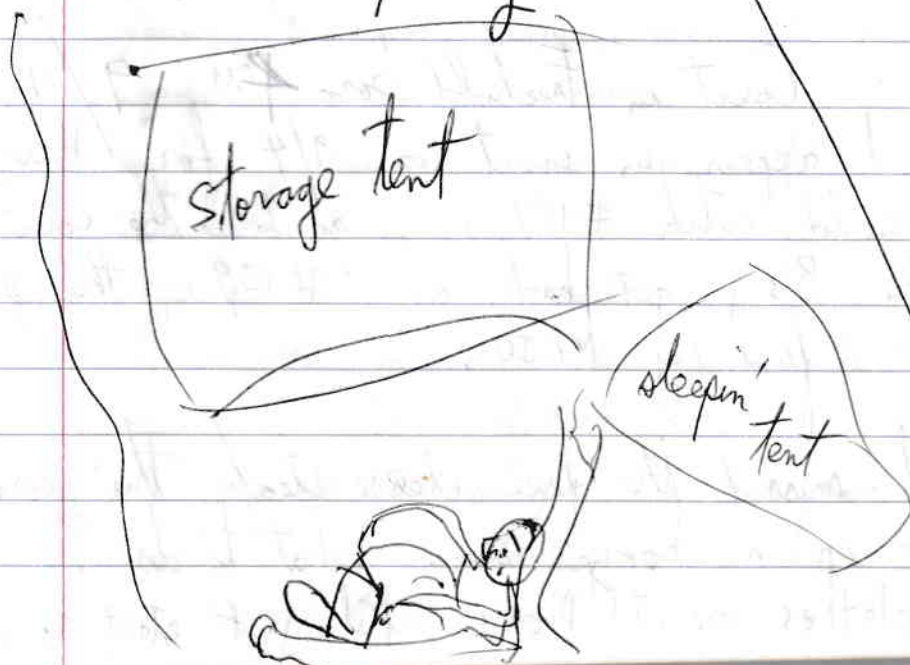
After 1PM and still no taxi. By 5PM or so I got a taxi (LEON's) to haul me and my luggage to Tent City.



2 September 2012 Sunday

My first night at Tent City in Lakewood, while there was a tremendous amount of drama between leader Steve and a few residents, I was blessed by "Lumpy" with a spot a camp and Whiting fish with shrimp & macaroni/cheese.

This morning I moved my camp across the dirt road to give me more space and a little more privacy.



I would call my mother if someone would ~~have~~ let me use their cell phone, but I'm not too concerned about it. She knows I don't have a phone. I guess this is part of the price my mother will have to pay for not taking time in for a few days. She can just WONDER how I am doing.

The tent city here in Lakewood is way different than out west. Whereas out west we were prohibited from drinking alcohol, here we can crack a 40 ounce beer and a fifth of vodka right in front of our tent.

Ø

Note: Court in Freehold Boro ~~4PM~~ 9/11 Tues.  
Will I appear in court on 9/4 for Harry?  
I could catch #139 in, go to the court,  
run by B's, get back on #139, then proceed  
to "find my MOJO".

I missed the free cheese steaks this morning  
while on a booze run. What to do?  
My clothes are at Mom's. I'll just start to stink.



## TAKING REFUGE AT MOM'S

~~I was~~

5 September 2012 Wednesday

Yesterday I was assaulted in my tent. I left the encampment on foot with my face bleeding. Before I was assaulted there had been much drama where I was nearly attacked by a group of about 7 black people. I had been very loud the night before angry about my tobacco and vodka being stolen from my tent.

I lost all the books I had brought with me, including 2 Tom Brown Field Guides, Jared Diamond's Guns, Germs, & Steel, Hum's Inquiry, and Backwoods. I abandoned my suitcases and even left my leatherman tool behind. I was afraid I was going to be murdered. All I took was my tent and backpack. At least I didn't lose this notebook.

"Reverend Steve" and his son took drove me to my mother. I have a fat lip and a scar on my face.

Ø

171

One thing is certain: As long as I am staying here at Mom's I will have to refrain from drinking alcohol. That Tent City was not a good place for me to be. The outhouse I referred to as "the gas chamber".

With a broken leg still healing, I was quite vulnerable. There was not much food to be had either. While staying with Mom I will stay focused on finding a place to live. Either BRICK or HOWELL.

Ø

I wonder how much pain, stress, anxiety, and trauma one can endure before one "cracks", before one has a nervous breakdown, before one ends it all via suicide. Getting assaulted at Tent City traumatized me. Being chased down in the street by police Detective Ottowski on June 5<sup>th</sup> also traumatized me. This broken leg and the pain associated with it traumatizes me.

I witness my own mother's financial insecurity. I witness the swamp of misery that is life. The thought of my own death brings me relief.



851  
The fact remains that many of us who are in need of government relief do not want to be subjected to the draconian rules of "homeless shelters." Surprisingly to the mainstream "gort society," we do not want to fit into this wage-slave system. I suppose there are many conformist gorts who want to see non-conforming rebels suffer for our "lifestyle choices."

Here I am on the third day off of alcohol, and I am enjoying my coffee and tobacco, tapping into a SPIRITUAL DIMENSION. I do not want to make too much of my own personal suffering since there are so many on the surface of this planet, human or other life forms, who endure much more intense suffering.

This broken leg humbles me. It also limits me in just how I might go about "fighting the Establishment." I am in no condition to fight riot police in an Occupy Movement. I am in no shape to survive in ghettos or barrios, although I have tried.

O

Now, about to travel to ManoloKing with Mom.  
While she is in Sunday Mass (she's been quitted  
into Catholicism, poor girl used to be a pan!),  
I'll be going over James Park's work -  
"Existential absurdity."

O

(p. 217) → "The ultimate, existential absurdity, cannot be  
resolved, no matter what we try. No social reform,  
economic adjustment, or marital counseling will  
ever successfully overcome the ultimate absurdity  
of human existence." ~ James Park

(p. 216) → "Human life seems like a useless, meaningless  
treadmill. It is a huge industrial complex  
devoted to the production of oil, but, all of  
the oil is needed to keep the machines  
running! All it accomplishes is its own  
perpetuation. What's the point of running around  
in a squirrel cage, or giving my life to  
a rat-race without a goal?"  
~ James Park

\* And we get no help from either academic psychology  
or academic philosophy. As Schopenhauer so



How free are we to refuse to buy car?  
Easy. We're fucking broke.

(p217)

"Unless we find ways to take control of our own lives, all of our decisions will ~~be~~ continue to be made for us by the anonymous forces of the cultures in which we live. We may not be told which spouse or which job to take, but how free are we to reject both marriage and work as basic styles of life? How have we been carried along so successfully by culture without noticing it?"  
~ James Park

So, how can we bring ourselves back from our lostness & in conformity?

What have we neglected, which has enabled Big Culture to absorb us, assimilate us, colonize us?

How can we repossess our lives, take our minds back, and wrench ourselves away from "THEM" - the masses, those who manipulate/control/manage the masses?

How does one go about ~~being~~ becoming more AUTHENTIC ????



## A Phenomenology of Existential Despair

Changing our life circumstances will not alleviate our existential despair. This dark despair is permanent and complete. "Things will not get better" as the frightened optimists and positive thinkers and Kohl-Aid drinking Obamas tell us. Our whole existence is infected with hopelessness and despair. All our efforts at reconstruction fail:

There is no hope. Once despair and the absurdity of human existence has made its presence known, we cannot overcome it. The most one can do is repress it and ignore it; hence, all the distractions we bombard ourselves with (religion, 12-Stepism, hope).

All efforts are futile. We can either conceal this or we can embrace it!

Money alone cannot buy "emotional security." Some sub-cultures ostracize people for having too much money. Some rich people are among the most existentially insecure. Once they have acquired financial security, they discover that they continue to feel just as vulnerable as before.

So, how does one attain EXISTENTIAL FREEDOM? We ask ourselves "Who am I?"



We answer that we are persons seeking release from our Existential predicament. Only if our existential quest has become central to our identity (and not just an occasional curiosity) will a path toward completeness open before us.

"We may seek out others involved in the same struggle. Perhaps in discussion with other sensitive and INWARD persons, we will finally discover the posture-of-being that permits us to become Existentially Free."

~ James Park

What I want to do is create the posture-of-being that will enable me to become inwardly peaceful, whole, and secure. Just because I studied Computer Science & Mathematics formally, just because my formal education was more akin to architecture and engineering does not mean I am limited to being a code-monkey, and the fact that I ~~did~~ have only earned money through janitorial work and manual labor in no way disqualifies me from being one of the great thinkers alive at the moment. My philosophical adventure has me

challenging psychoanalysis (Freud, Jung) and the entire psychiatric [mental health] industry; and, thus, I am a philosopher-writer-enemy-combatant against the pharmacracy, the military industrial complex itself.

I threaten to replace psychoanalysis with a ~~model~~ philosophy to create new modes of living. And, didn't Schopenhauer claim that philosophy is a mode of life, that true philosophy is lived and <sup>that</sup> what the academic philosophers are is really philosophasters or philosophology? (the study of philosophy)

Philosophy is a practice, a militant practice in its Presence, in its way of Being, not just a reflection upon politics, but a real POLITICAL INTERVENTION.

Philosophy-in-the-flesh engages with psychoanalysis and can, better it. Philosophy can compete with literature. One may become the philosopher-writer. For my entire adult life I have taken philosophy out of the "academy" and placed it into circulation in daily life. We can make the philosopher something other than the sage, and so other than the rival to the priest.



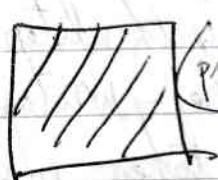
The philosopher can become a writer-combatant,  
an artist of the subject, a philosophical  
militant, a welfare bum, a ward of the  
State.

"Greatness is a road toward something that  
one does not know."

I am more interested in greatness than in  
happiness. Even the way I came to  
be pointed to Thomas Logotti's work is  
a prime example of the ADVENTUROUS  
quality of my philosophical journey.

And this magnum opus of his,  
The Conspiracy Against The Human Race,  
coming from the realm of literature,  
an author of HORROR/FICTION!

Literature, psychoanalysis, and philosophy  
merge into WRITING MADNESS and  
MADNESS WRITING!

 (proceed to Book 4)

---

nephew's website: native2earth.org

Virtual PowWow

Crazy Ghost

! 505 → 666

H-156